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Mr. Murray Kempton
New York Post
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Kempton,

If I correctly recall a really brilliant piece you did for the New Republic you had doubts about the story of the assassination and about the Report. I believe if you read this book you will have no doubts. You will know.

Its history is in the Preface, its "line", which is no line, in the two-part introduction, and its content is exclusivealy from the official information, to which it is referenced.

Going even further in debt for a private printing, with no arrangements made for distribution and no certainty that any can be made, with no funds for advertising, promotion or even postage, is not the indulgence of vanity. Sure, I'm proud of what I have done, proud that it was finished, save for a few minor additions, in mid-February 1965. But I also want the focus to be on the Report and the staff, not the Commission or its members. The FBI is part of the staff, really, for it provided the investigative and technical services. Other books of which I have heard may point elsewhere.

I tell you nothing about the contents of the book because on such a subject the book must stand on its own. I hope you will be interested enough to read it. If after reading it you find you can do so, we'd certainly appreciate any help you can give the book and any voice you can add to its only conclusion, that the job has not been done and must be, entirely in public and preferably by Congress. We expect most of the orders will be by mail. We hope to fill them the day they are received if they are accompanied by payment. Of course, we want regular distribution, just as we still want regular publication. Perhaps even a modest success in this form with attract either or both.

The book is supported by about a third of a million words of notes. My wife, who labored mightily, was my only collaborator. We are affiliated with nothing, aligned with nobody - completely independent. If there is anything else you'd like to know, ask me.

I'm sending Mr. Wechsler a seperate copy.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg